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The Western Pacific

WE suspect that the majority of the people of Salt Lake and Utah will never half appreciate how tremendous a work the building of the Western Pacific railroad was, until they go over the route. The work was very heavy in many places through Nevada, for the instructions from the first were, just so far as possible to eliminate curves and grades. This made exceedingly heavy work at a hundred points in western Utah and all through Nevada. Beckworth's pass was overcome by a short tunnel; then for a little more than twenty miles through Sierra valley there were no difficulties; then came the Mohawk valley and between that and American valley there were alternate cuts and fills and short tunnels.

Reaching American valley the road enters the canyon of the north fork of the Feather river. Then it was a fight against mighty obstacles to build the road, for sixty-five miles until the canyon opens into the Sacramento valley. For miles and miles the banks of the river are but solid, almost perpendicular walls of rock, often hundreds of feet in height. We have never seen any statement of the work, but we know something of the route, and it must have been solid blasting in the mountain side, or tunneling for quite forty miles, and in that distance there must be from ten to twenty bridges over the river. It is the route over which Judah wanted the old Central Pacific to come, for it eliminates 1,650 feet in ascending from the valley to the summit; 1,650 feet saved over other routes that can be found across the Sierra. Another great work was making a road through the coast range mountains, to get from the San Joaquin valley to the shore of San Francisco bay. But it was done, and now there is a new trans-continental road and it passes directly through Salt Lake City. What it is to be to this region cannot yet be comprehended. But it gives Utah another smooth path to the Pacific and passes through some hundreds of miles of country that has not yet been much explored. If next summer any people desire to pass the hot months in a cool valley, a valley more beautiful than they ever saw, let them go to Quincy in American valley. Switzerland has nothing like it. But the road means that another river of steel has been made to the sea shore; a river over which the argosies of commerce are to float forever, and it is a work so superb and gigantic that the first incoming passenger train ought to be celebrated with music and feasting, and flags and all halls by our people.

A Great Discovery

PROFESSOR MAYGIORANI, one of the most distinguished scholars of Italy, is in New York visiting a daughter who is married to an American. The professor was with Garibaldi, then was the physician of King Humbert and since his death has been the medical attendant of the present king. Well, he has promised to give to the Americans the secret of preserving eggs, at infinitesimal cost, for an indefinite period. The process has been tried in the most thorough and rigid way and is a perfect success, and it is promised that eggs will no longer have to be scrambled to make them look well, that they may be eaten without bringing to mind long deceased ancestors, and without prompting the question whether the hen that laid that particular

egg was not the wife of the original jungle cock from which the modern hen descended, or at least the polygamous wife of that rooster that crowed when Peter denied the Master.

Who Are Americans To Be?

WHO are Americans going to be before very long? Formerly Englishmen came here. He as a rule growled most of the time, as though not much in this country suited him. We noted his eccentricities and idiosyncrasies but passed them by with the thought that he could not help being an Englishman, but his children would be as good Americans as their father was an Englishman. The Irish came and we recognized that, though some of them had a little brogue and were sometimes inclined to "vote agin the government" that last was an acquired passion like a love for tomatoes or tripe; that in truth he was a born American, only he did not know it. The Scotch came, and though they were often more English than the Englishmen, they all the time kept their eyes on the main chance and swiftly made up their minds that a man would be a fool to ever go back to the land of lakes and rocks and fogs, unless he might go as did Carnegie to build a castle there and show the peasantry what a chief of a clan he had grown to be. The Welsh came here, and when the second generation had learned the language of this country, they became first-class Americans, especially if they were able to pick up an office or two.

The Scandinavians came, and there was a free air in the west which to their nostrils, was even as the air of the sea to the free-booting vikings from whom they descended, and now wherever they are they are a bulwark of liberty and a square deal.

The Germans came, and when they found beer equal to the best Bavarian, they took to it like mother's milk, and while they continued to sing the hymns of fatherland, and to reverence fatherland, and the fatherland traditions, they recognized at a glance that there were hopes here sweeter than they ever could nurse in native land, and promises of fruition which no other land held in its scope, and decided that this was a land worth living for and if needs be worth dying for. Some Frenchmen came, and while they have ever been among the best of our citizens, as a rule most of the first generation of them wear a look which seems to say, "One can live in Paris, when he leaves there he camps out."

The Hebrew came, and while he holds this land as next to the Holy Land, while he accepts and fulfills all the duties of citizenship, he as a rule is as a current in the deep sea, that moves among the ordinary waters of the ocean without mingling with them, or rather, we should say, without merging with them.

It is out of all this material that our nation has thus far been crystalizing, but now when we pass along the street we hear corruption of the tongue in which Regillus and Herminius spoke in the seven-hilled city; corruptions of the tongue which was spoken in Attica and Macedonia and Lacedaemonia; corruptions of the barbarous tongue, which Atilla and Alaric spoke, and now and then a few words which Saladin with the same accent might have used. From these we have omitted the jaw-breaking jargons from

beyond the Pacific; we have omitted the dialects of our Indian tribes, and the "soft bastard Latin" that comes up from the southern countries of our continent, because their fathers were earlier in possession than ours. But out of all these the American people are crystalizing into the new American nation. And the question is, "Who are we going to be a hundred years hence?" Will the little red school houses and the churches be sufficient to save what is good in all, and to eliminate the bad? We hope so, but are afraid. The morning dispatches with their records of crimes, are not assuring. There must be a higher patriotism taught and more respect for law, or we fear for the manhood and womanhood of our people.

Utah vs. Canada

CHIEFLY under the auspices of Mr. Charles Rosewater, part owner and business manager of the Omaha Bee, Mr. Leonard Fowler, the famous king of publicity advertisers, and Dr. W. C. Paisley, who has been chief in promoting the western land products exhibit to be held in Omaha next January, are in Utah to obtain means and data to cause the men of the old west, who have set their minds upon expatriating themselves, caught by the lure of the cheap land inducements held out by the Dominion, to change their minds, to go west rather than north and to keep their energy and their allegiance under the flag.

These gentlemen should have all the help that the men of Utah can extend to them; all the help and all the good will.

But among practical Americans, there is nothing that will change their longings and intentions so quickly as practical facts. We can imagine a young man in Nebraska who has just married a young Nebraska girl wife, conversing practically about what is best for them to do. We say just married, because if the young man is any good he would before marriage be telling her nothing except that she is an angel and he cannot get along without her to be his inspiration and to keep his shirt buttons sewed on all right. He would probably be saying, "If we can get 160 acres of land, and a team, with two hired men I can plant, harvest and thresh 80 acres of wheat. I might have to get a few Indians to help me a few days in harvest, but they tell me there are plenty of Indians up there who are good workers and who work cheap."

"I could raise enough other stuff to live on so that the wheat would be clear profit. And on that new land a moderate yield would be 25 bushels to the acre or for the 80 acres, 2,000 bushels. After paying for everything, planting, harvesting, threshing, sacking, etc., it ought to yield me net 40 cents per bushel, or a clear profit of \$800." He could not realize that, but we will assume that he could. Would that be the best thing he could do?

Year before last a single Japanese leased five acres of land in this valley and planted it to celery. He paid a rental of \$40 per acre, but did all the work himself. A gentleman who often bought celery of him, asked him, one day, how much he expected to realize from his five acres when the crop was all sold. He answered like a flash, "\$5,000 dollars."

A gentleman had ten acres of pears on a bench beyond Provo last year. He was offered \$500 per acre for the fruit on the trees. He said: